

The BOYS

Dear Becky

05

MATURE /
DYNAMITE

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2020

The BOYS™

Dear Becky

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05

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female were The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth — superpower. Some superheroes had to be watched. Some of them had to be controlled. And some of them — sometimes — had to be taken out of the picture.

The issue was decided in one final battle against a massed superhero army, when a plan concocted by the “supes” to overthrow the US government went horribly awry. Now, twelve years later, Hughie and his lover Annie January have returned to his home in the Scottish town of Auchterladle — their battles fought and won, their torment over.

The days when Colonel Greg Mallory led The Boys are firmly in the past. So too are the times Billy Butcher shared with a woman who strove to send him down a different road. All of that is over and done with. Finished.

Now read on...

DYNAMITE

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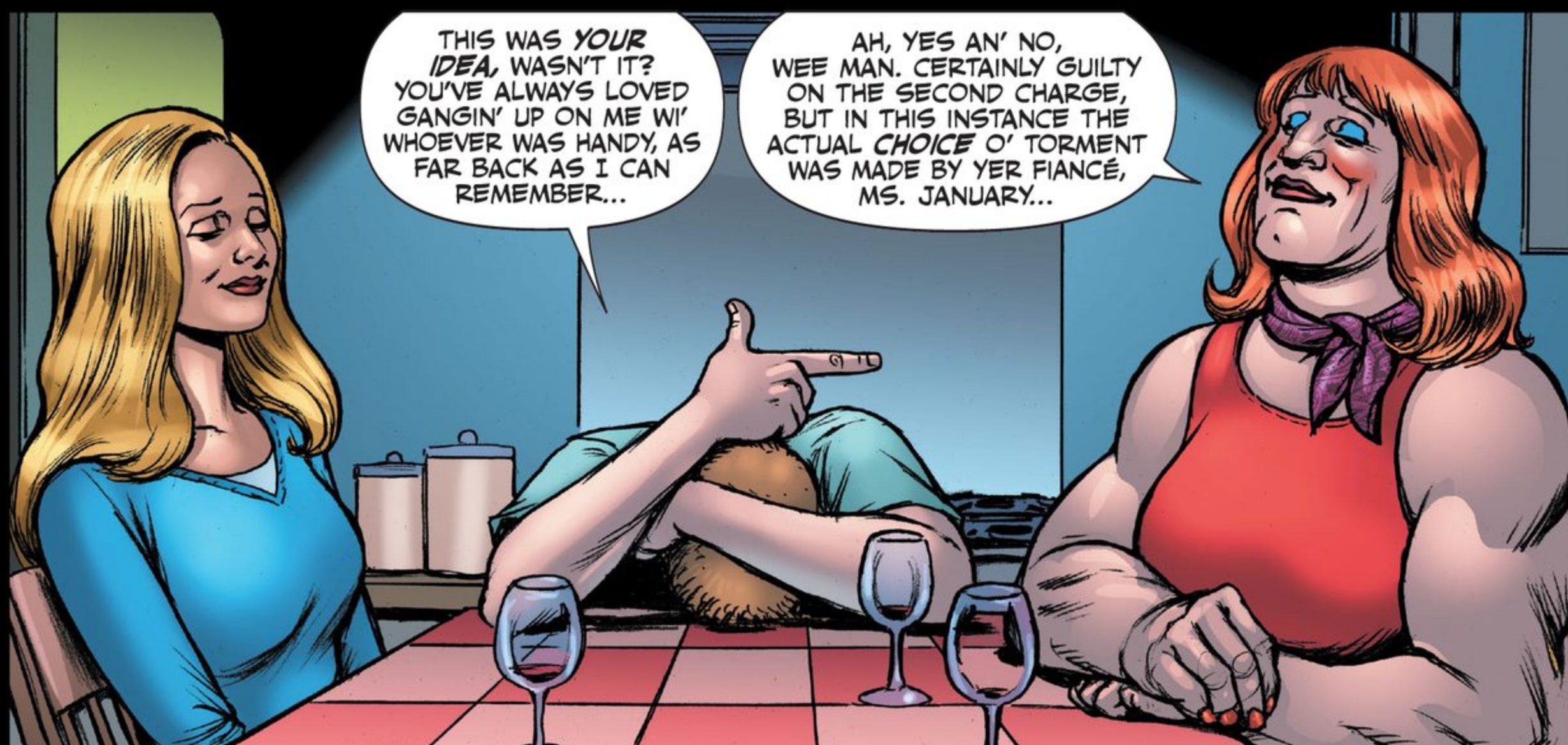
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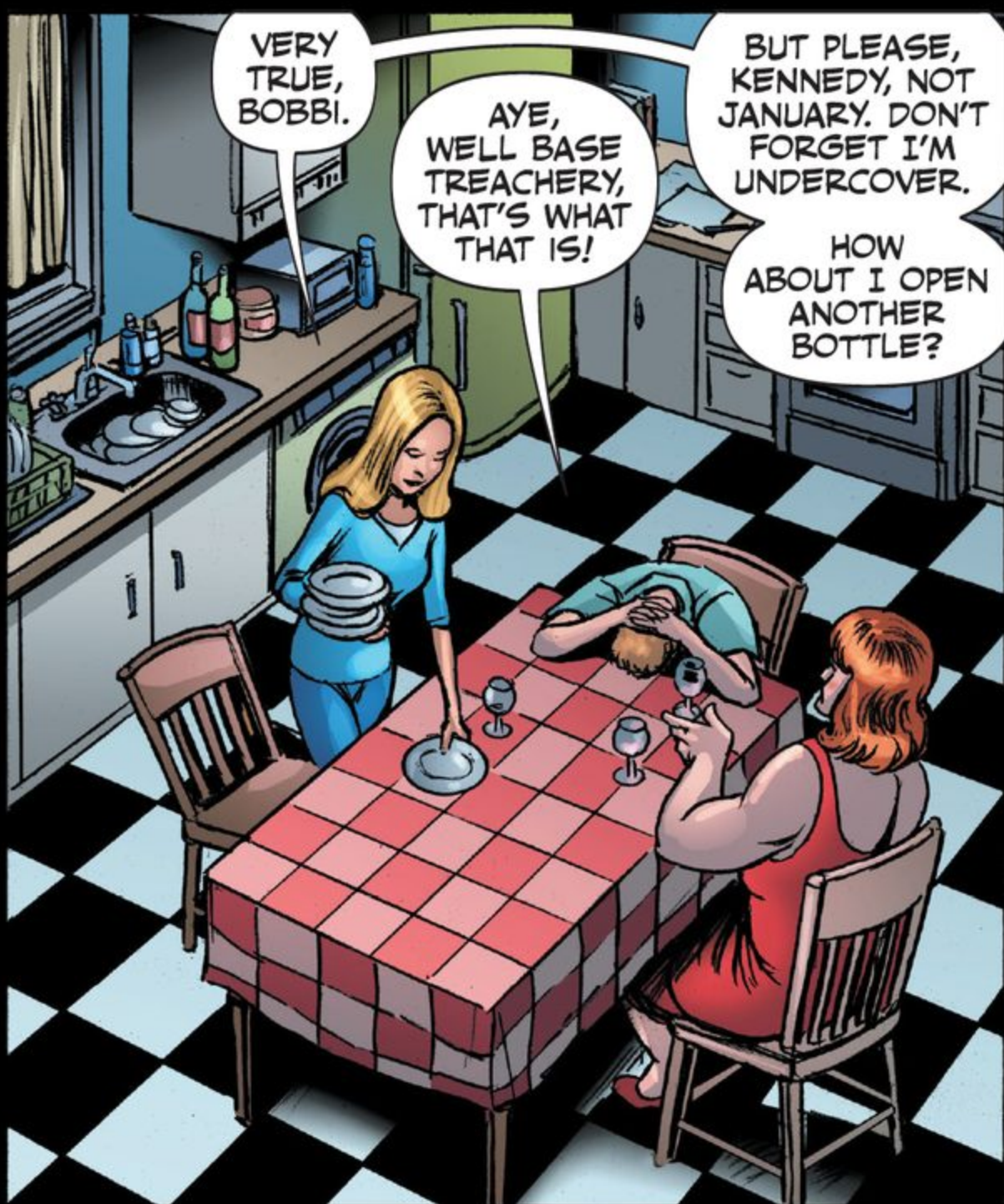


5: WEDNESDAY



THIS WAS *YOUR* IDEA, WASN'T IT? YOU'VE ALWAYS LOVED GANGIN' UP ON ME W/ WHOEVER WAS HANDY, AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER...

AH, YES AN' NO, WEE MAN. CERTAINLY GUILTY ON THE SECOND CHARGE, BUT IN THIS INSTANCE THE ACTUAL *CHOICE* O' TORMENT WAS MADE BY YER FIANCE', MS. JANUARY...



VERY TRUE, BOBBI.

AYE, WELL BASE TREACHERY, THAT'S WHAT THAT IS!

BUT PLEASE, KENNEDY, NOT JANUARY. DON'T FORGET I'M UNDERCOVER.

HOW ABOUT I OPEN ANOTHER BOTTLE?

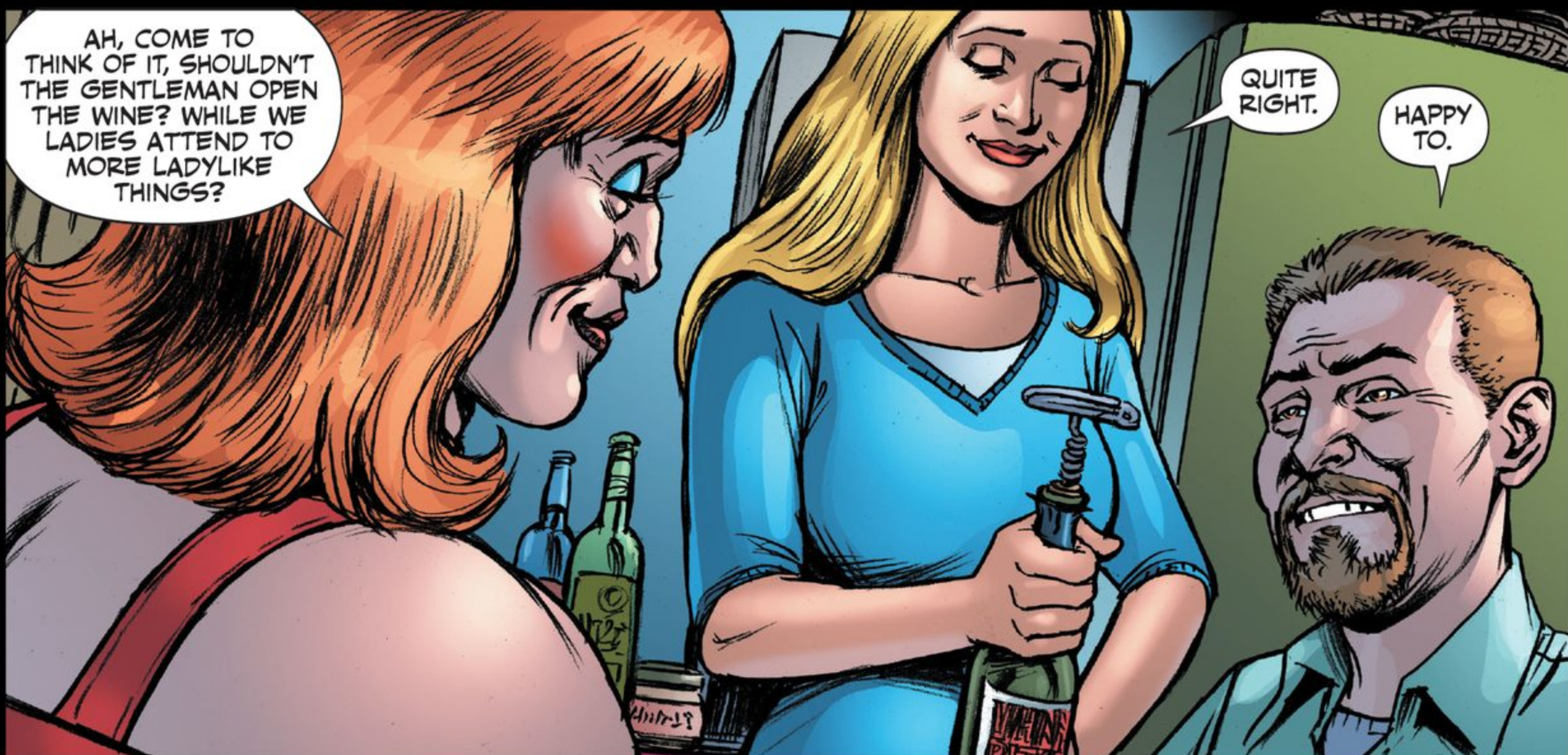


AYE, GO ON, THEN.

FEE... AN... SAY...

RED OR WHITE?

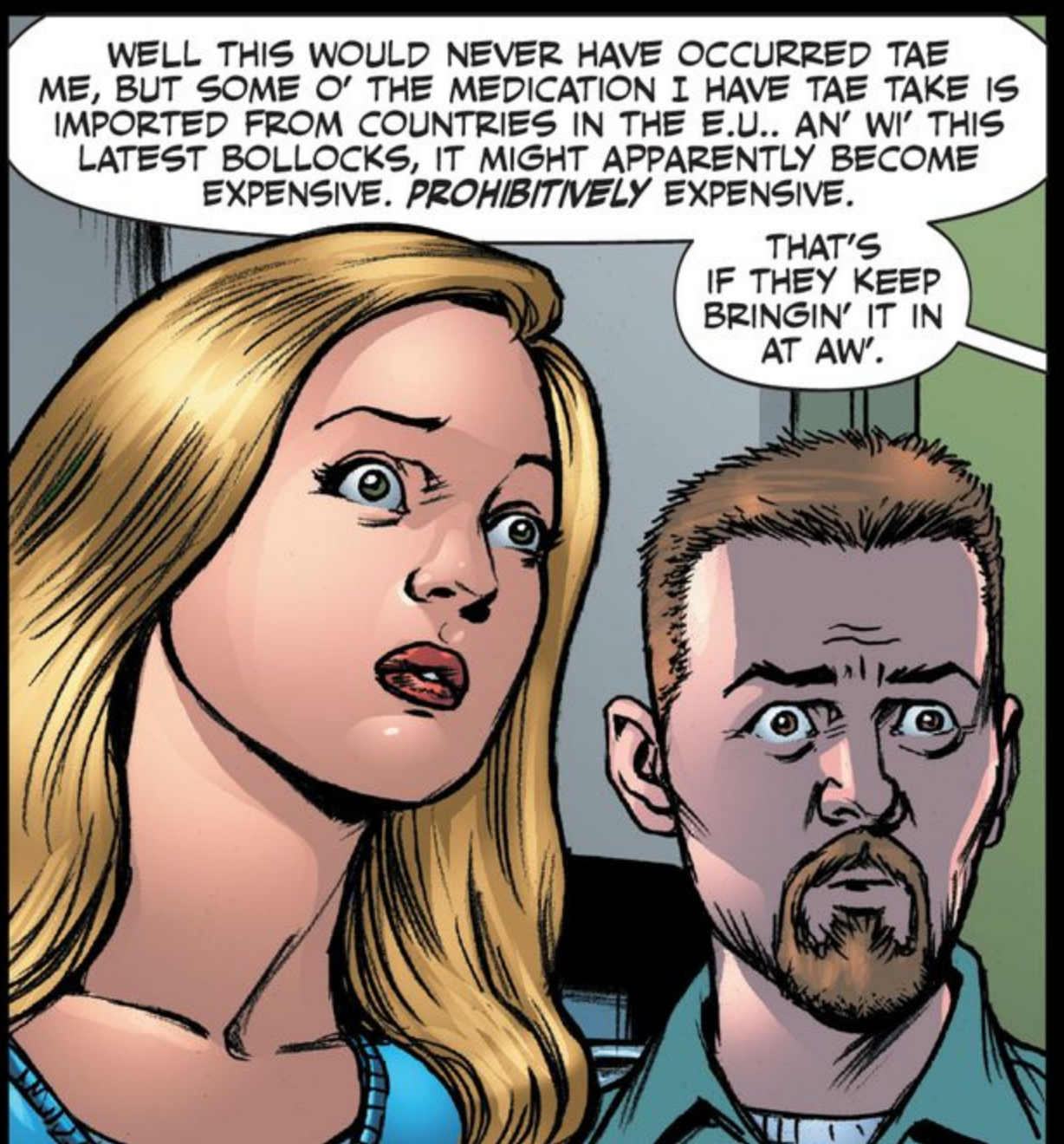
RED--!



AH, COME TO THINK OF IT, SHOULDN'T THE GENTLEMAN OPEN THE WINE? WHILE WE LADIES ATTEND TO MORE LADYLIKE THINGS?

QUITE RIGHT.

HAPPY TO.





THAT IS SO FUCKED UP.

THERE'S WAYS AN' MEANS, LIKE, BUT YE DON'T WANNA BE MESSIN' AROUND W/ THAT STUFF. SPIRONOLACRONE AN' ESTROGEN--I START USIN' SOME BLACK MARKET SHITE AN' YE'RE TALKIN' BLOOD CLOTS, HEART TROUBLE, ALL SORTSAE THINGS...

OH JESUS, BOBBI.

I AM SO SORRY.



IT'S NO' YOUR FAULT, WEE MAN.

WELL...

YOU-- WAIT A MINUTE, IS THIS NO'--

IT'S OKAY, BOBBI, HE EVENTUALLY TOLD ME THE TRUTH.



THAT TIME.

ALL RIGHT, HUGHIE: AS I HAVE OFTEN SAID BEFORE, YOU ARE NO' RESPONSIBLE FOR ME GETTIN' MY NOB CHOPPED OFF. I *FOLLOWED YOU* INTAE THAT RIDICULOUS GANGFUCK.

FURTHER, YOU ARE NO' RESPONSIBLE FOR MY SUBSEQUENT TRANSITIONING, WHICH IT MUST BE REALLY FUCKIN' OBVIOUS BY NOW I WANTED *TAE DO...*



I KEN THAT...

IT'S NO' ALWAYS ABOUT YOU, HUGHIE. YE BLOODY EGOMANIAC.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BOBBI?



OCH, I'LL BE AW'RIGHT, ANNIE...!

WE'RE ALL GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.

BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO*?



...THE PAYBACK MANSION, THAT SHITTY OLD HOUSE ON THE BEACH? AND THEY HAVE THIS WEIRD-LOOKING DUDE I THINK IS THE BUTLER, HE FUCKING CUPPED MY BALLS WHEN HE TOOK MY CAPE...!

OH YEAH?



YEAH, HE... I MEAN...

WELL, ANYWAY. WE KIND OF HIT THE JACKPOT ON THIS ONE.

SOUNDS GOOD.

YEAH, THAT DUDE BAXTER-PUGH WAS THERE.

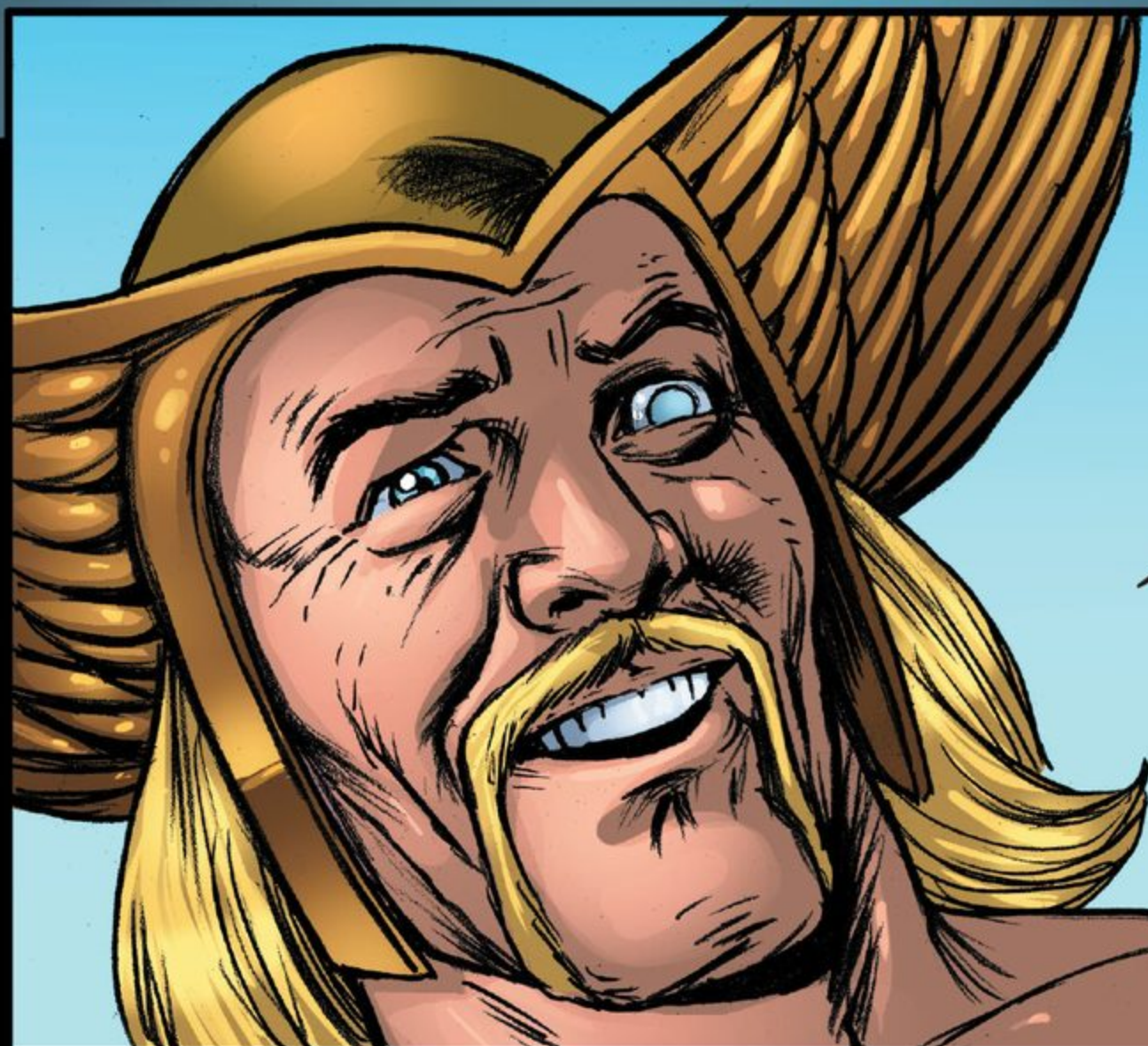


WAS HE NOW?

SAY ON.

OKAY, SO THEY MADE ME *WAIT*, RIGHT? I HAD TO SIT IN THE HALL UNTIL STORMFRONT CALLED ME IN, I ALMOST GOT STUCK WITH SOLDIER BOY AND HE IS SUCH A *WHINY BITCH*...

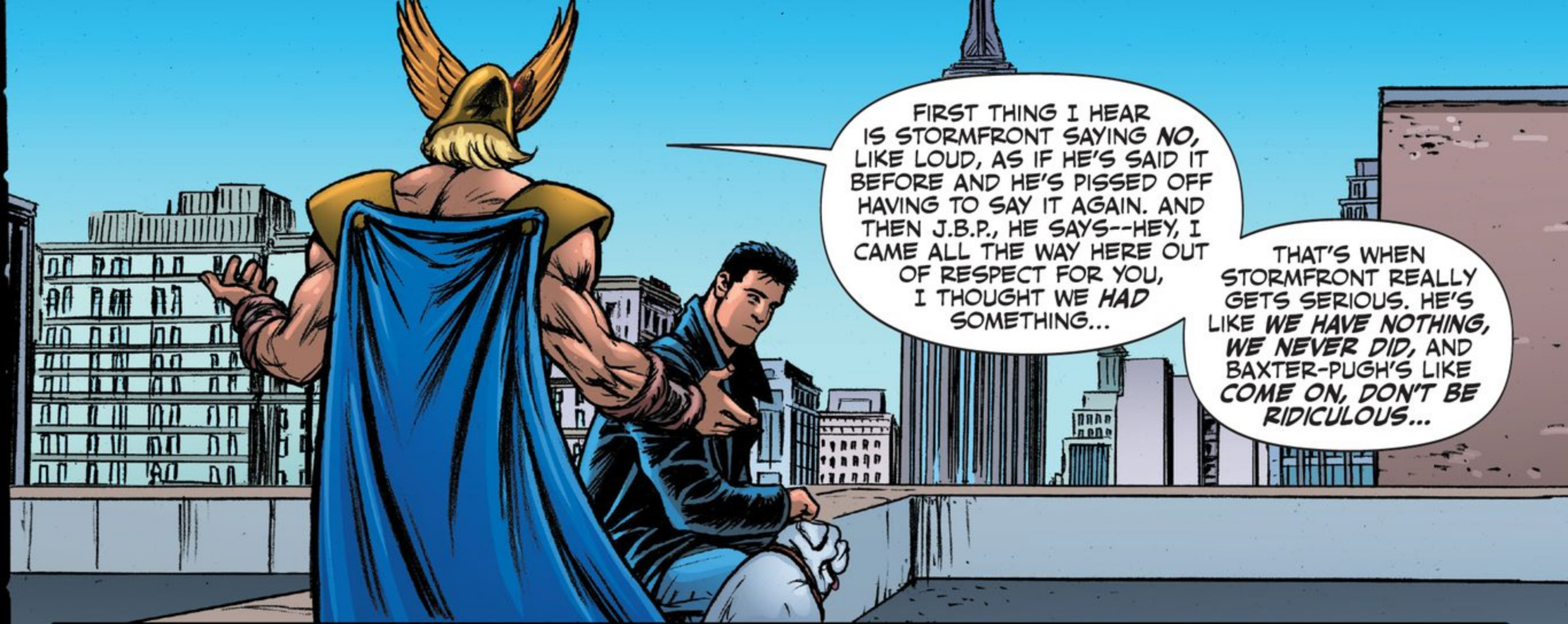
AND SOMEONE STARTS SHOUTING IN THE NEXT ROOM, LIKE RAISED VOICES GETTING LOUDER, AND ONE OF THEM'S STORMFRONT AND THE OTHER IS SOME ENGLISH GUY--AND LIKE I GRADUALLY REALIZE IT'S ACTUALLY *HIM*...!



HOW?

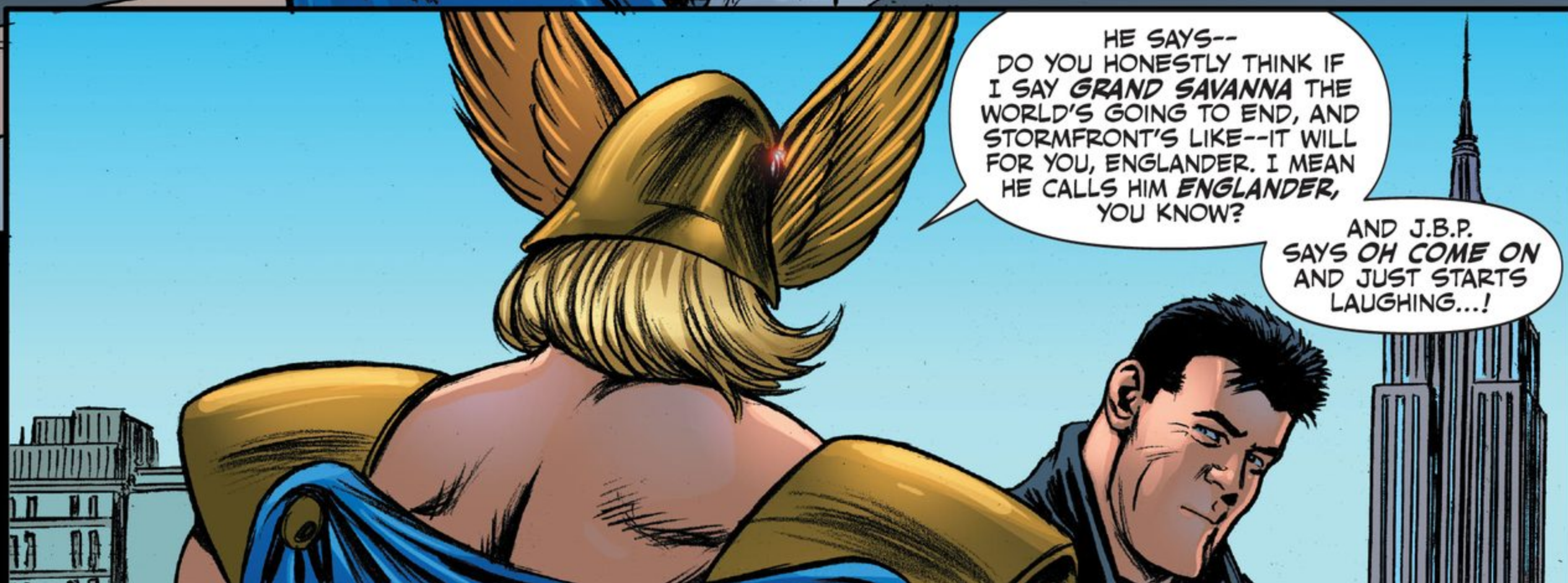
WELL I MEAN IT'S OBVIOUS FROM WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT, BUT AFTERWARDS HE WALKS RIGHT PAST ME ON HIS WAY OUT. HE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME, BUT THERE'S JUST NO MISTAKING THAT STUCK-UP PRICK!

BUT THIS IS THE COOL PART, I COULD HEAR EVERYTHING THEY SAID. I GOT EXACTLY WHAT WE WANTED, YOU KNOW?



FIRST THING I HEAR IS STORMFRONT SAYING NO, LIKE LOUD, AS IF HE'S SAID IT BEFORE AND HE'S PISSED OFF HAVING TO SAY IT AGAIN. AND THEN J.B.P., HE SAYS--HEY, I CAME ALL THE WAY HERE OUT OF RESPECT FOR YOU, I THOUGHT WE HAD SOMETHING...

THAT'S WHEN STORMFRONT REALLY GETS SERIOUS. HE'S LIKE *WE HAVE NOTHING, WE NEVER DID*, AND BAXTER-PUGH'S LIKE *COME ON, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS...*



HE SAYS-- DO YOU HONESTLY THINK IF I SAY *GRAND SAVANNA* THE WORLD'S GOING TO END, AND STORMFRONT'S LIKE--IT WILL FOR YOU, ENGLANDER. I MEAN HE CALLS HIM *ENGLANDER*, YOU KNOW?

AND J.B.P. SAYS *OH COME ON AND JUST STARTS LAUGHING...*



IT'S LIKE HE'S NOT SCARED, YOU KNOW? HE'S NOT SCARED OF THIS MOTHERFUCKER COULD PROBABLY GIVE THE *HOMELANDER* A RUN FOR HIS MONEY!

THEN THEY'RE QUIET. I GUESS THEY'RE PROBABLY STARING EACH OTHER DOWN.



AND THEN J.B.P. SAYS--I'LL REMEMBER THIS, AND STORMFRONT SAYS--OH, SO WILL I, BELIEVE ME.

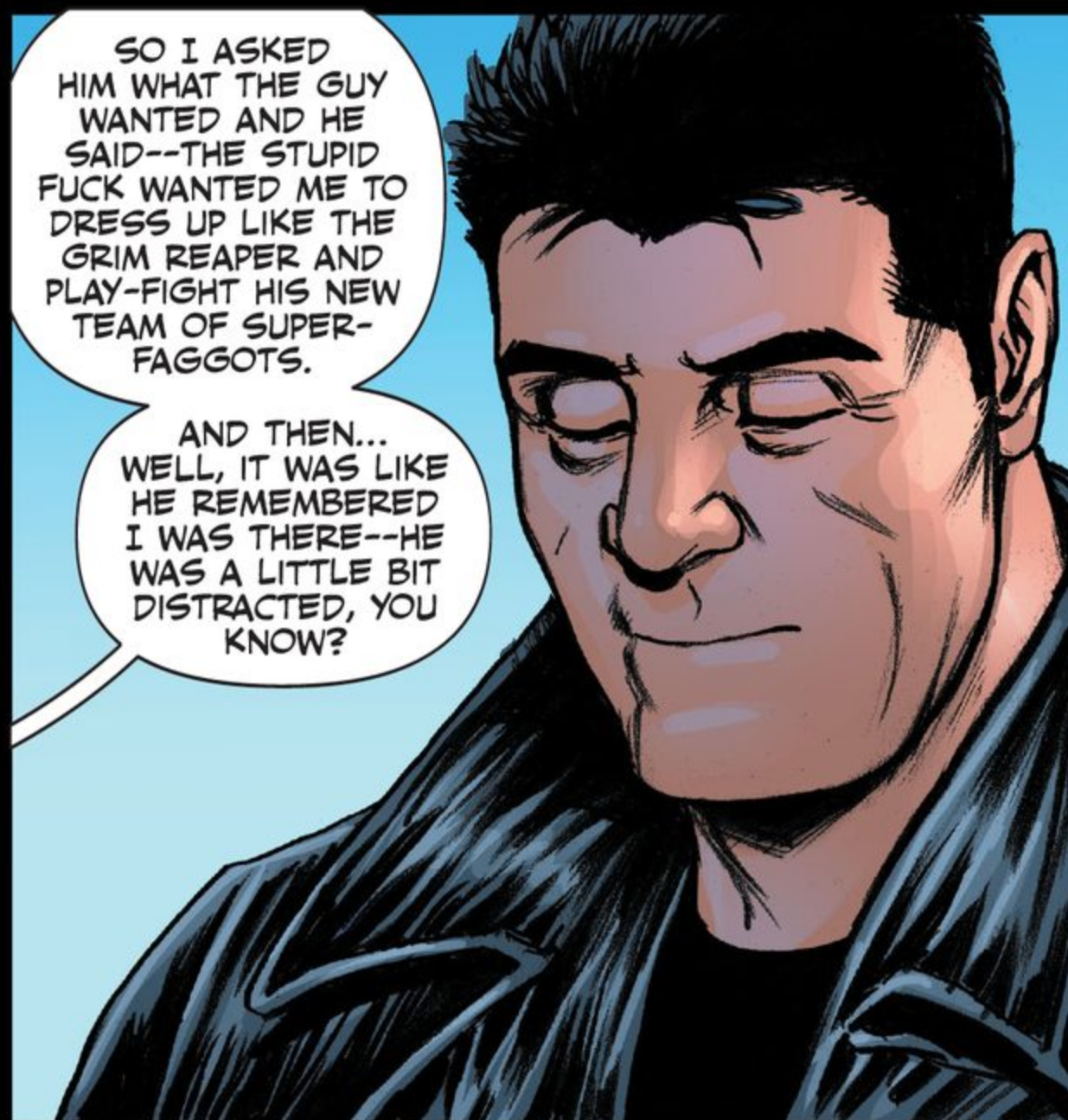
AND J.B.P. SAYS--JUST REMEMBER I GAVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

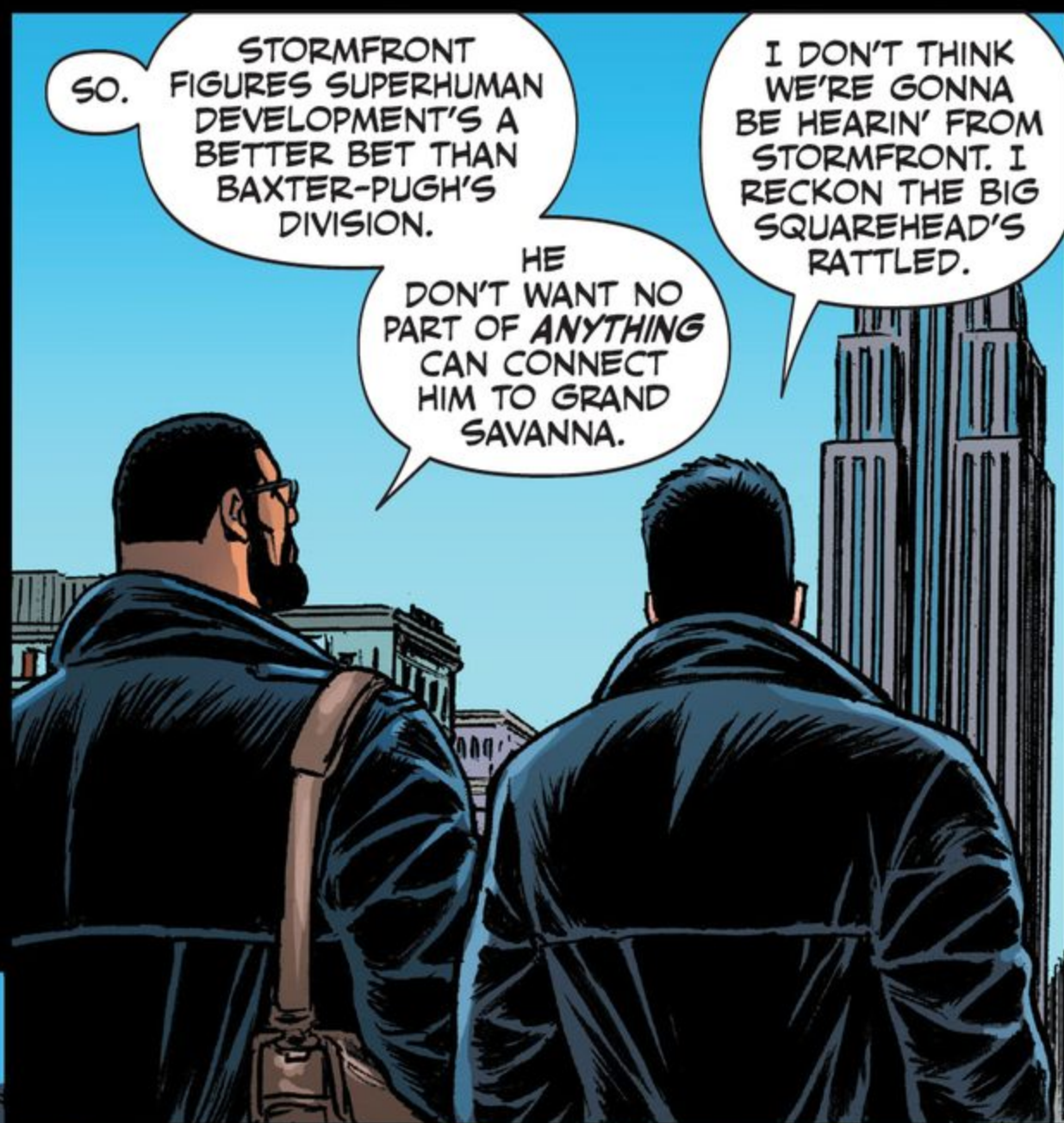
AND THEN HE LEAVES.



SO HOW'D YOU GET ON WITH STORMFRONT YERSELF?

OH... WELL...





SO. STORMFRONT FIGURES SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT'S A BETTER BET THAN BAXTER-PUGH'S DIVISION.

HE DON'T WANT NO PART OF *ANYTHING* CAN CONNECT HIM TO GRAND SAVANNA.

I DON'T THINK WE'RE GONNA BE HEARIN' FROM STORMFRONT. I RECKON THE BIG SQUAREHEAD'S RATTLED.



THAT IS IF IT'S TRUE...

WHICH IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE.

WHICH IS WHY I THINK IT IS.



VIKOR GOES IN AN' SAYS, LADS, I'VE GOT MESELF IN A BIT OF A PICKLE--YOU MIND DOIN' A LITTLE PLAY-ACTIN' TO HELP ME OUT? ALL THEY'D DO IS CUT THEIR LOSSES AN' KILL HIM.

PLUS IT'D MEAN HE FOUND THE BUG. AN' I DON'T THINK HE HAS.



YOU EVER SEE *ANYONE* SO FUCKIN' EAGER TO PLEASE...?

MM-MM.

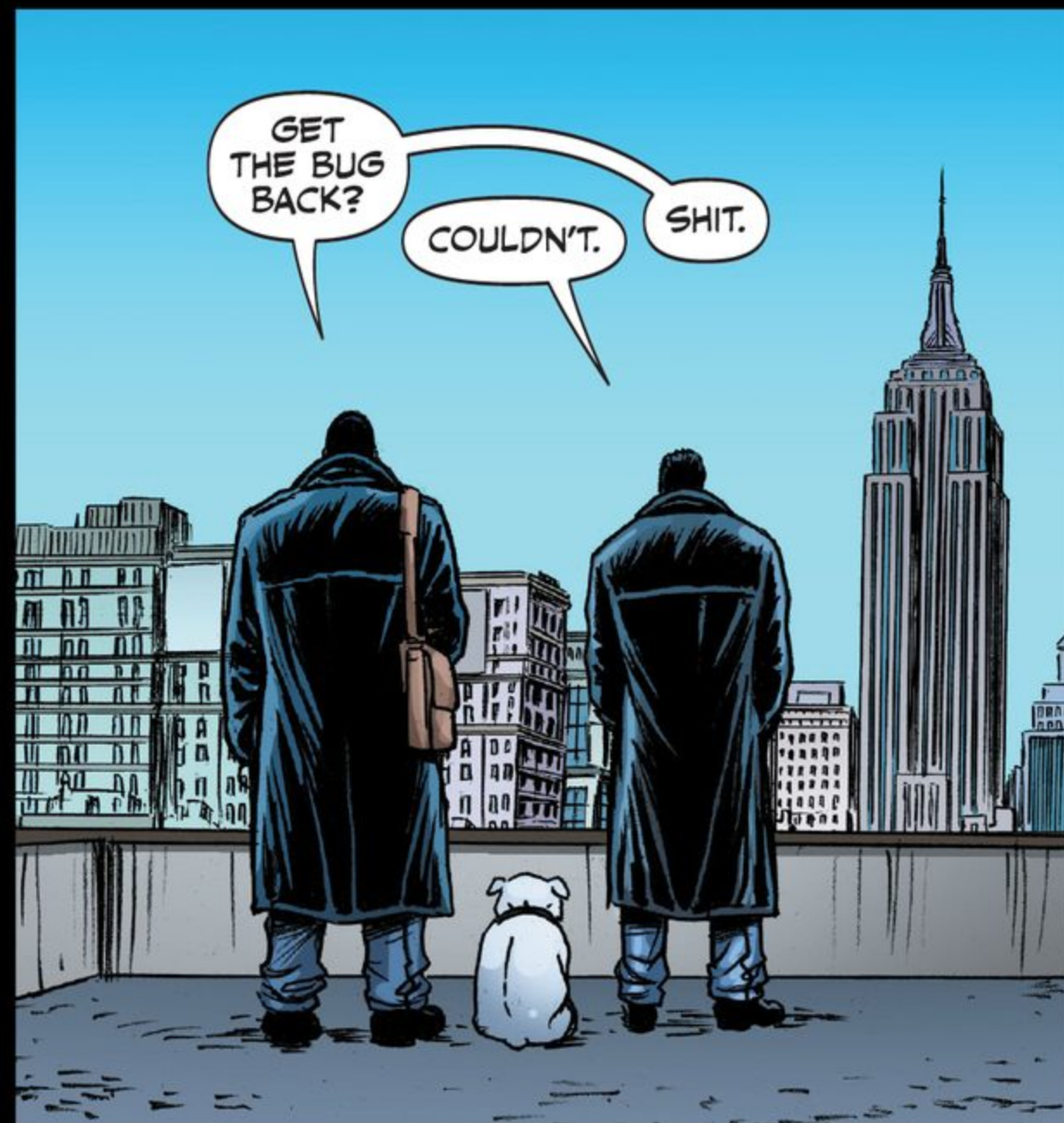
YOU GOT HIM BOXED INTO A CORNER. HE STARTED SEEIN' YOU AS HIS ONLY OPTION.



FEDS SEE THIS WIT' WISEGUYS THEY GET TO TURN RAT. VIKOR GONNA WANNA PRETEND YOU AN' HIM ON THE SAME TEAM-- LIKE *HE* MADE THE CHOICE, HE STILL GOT SOME DIGNITY LEFT...

DIGNITY? HE'S GOIN' AROUND DRESSED AS A FUCKIN' CUNT!

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



GET THE BUG BACK?

COULDN'T.

SHIT.

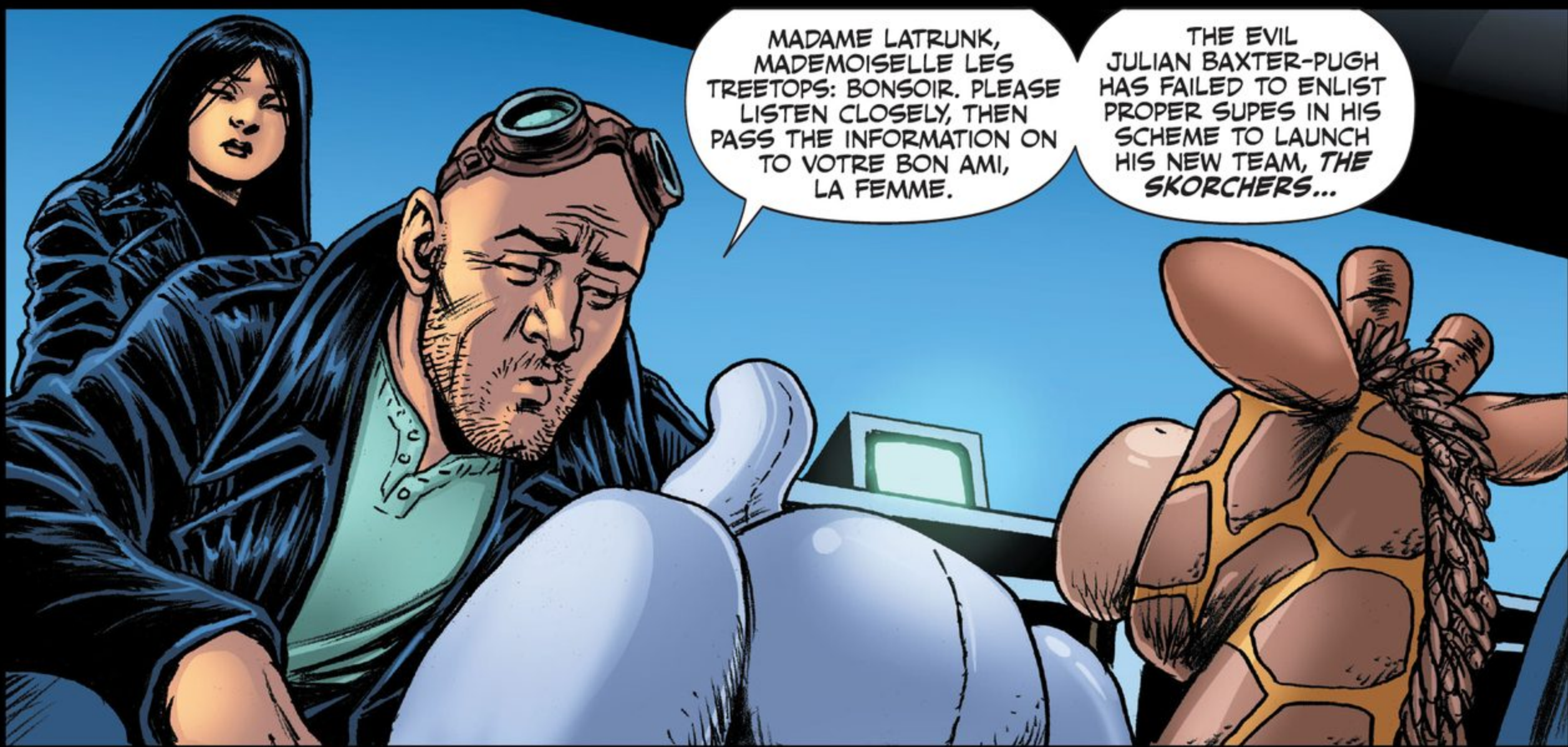


OH, MON DIEU,
IS THIS ABSOLUTELY
NECESSARY...?



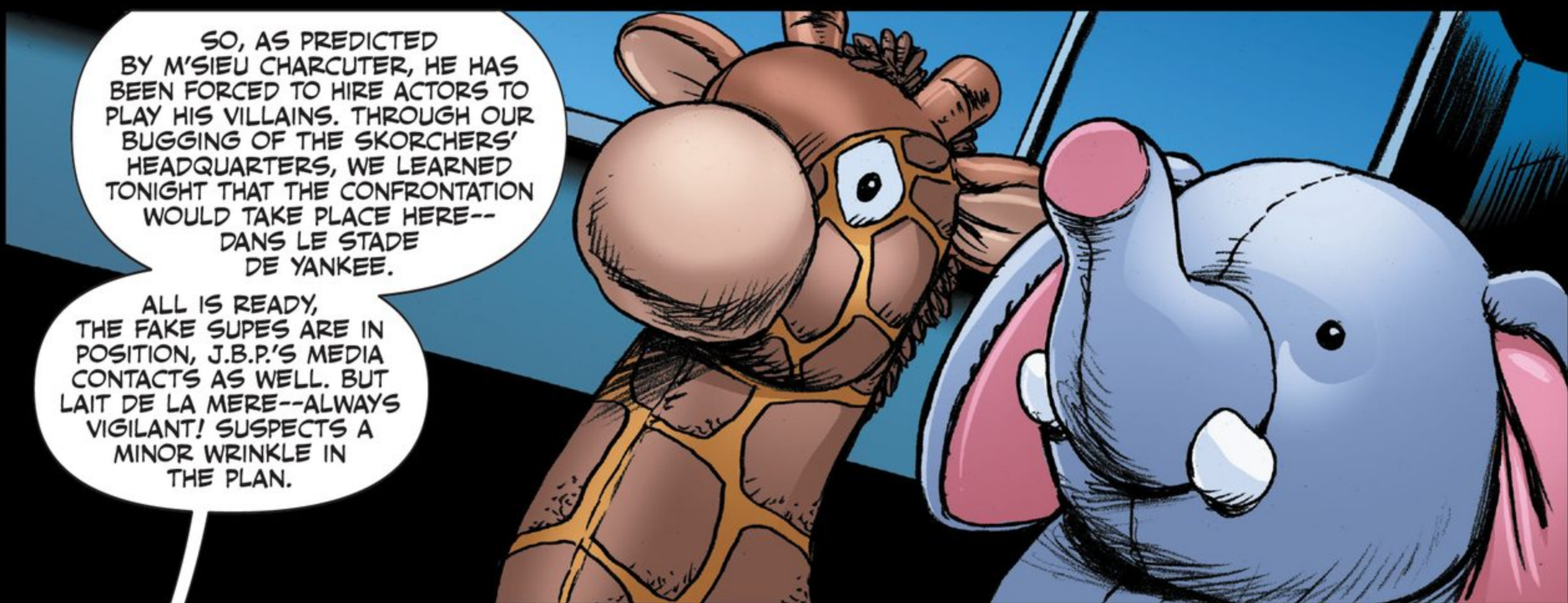
OF COURSE.
OF COURSE IT
IS. SILLY
QUESTION.

AHEM.



MADAME LATRUNK,
MADEMOISELLE LES
TREETOPS: BONSOIR. PLEASE
LISTEN CLOSELY, THEN
PASS THE INFORMATION ON
TO VOTRE BON AMI,
LA FEMME.

THE EVIL
JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH
HAS FAILED TO ENLIST
PROPER SUPES IN HIS
SCHEME TO LAUNCH
HIS NEW TEAM, *THE
SKORCHERS...*



SO, AS PREDICTED
BY M'SIEU CHARCUTER, HE HAS
BEEN FORCED TO HIRE ACTORS TO
PLAY HIS VILLAINS. THROUGH OUR
BUGGING OF THE SKORCHERS'
HEADQUARTERS, WE LEARNED
TONIGHT THAT THE CONFRONTATION
WOULD TAKE PLACE HERE--
DANS LE STADE
DE YANKEE.

ALL IS READY,
THE FAKE SUPES ARE IN
POSITION, J.B.P.'S MEDIA
CONTACTS AS WELL. BUT
LAIT DE LA MERE--ALWAYS
VIGILANT! SUSPECTS A
MINOR WRINKLE IN
THE PLAN.



HE SUGGESTS THAT--
TIPPED OFF BY STORMFRONT
AFTER HIS MEETING WITH
J.B.P.--VOUGHT AMERICAN'S
SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT
DIVISION WILL ATTEMPT TO
SCUPPER THE LAUNCH OF
THE SKORCHERS.

BEFORE THE
FAKE SUPES CAN
APPEAR BEFORE
THE CAMERAS, THEY
WILL BE BRUTALLY
TAKEN OUT...

WHAT
GODDAMNED
PLANET AM I
ON RIGHT
NOW?

SHOULDNA
JOINED IF YOU
CAN'T TAKE A
JOKE.
THEY'RE
HERE.



LOOKS LIKE THE
SKORCHERS, MAYBE
HALF A DOZEN
MEDIA.

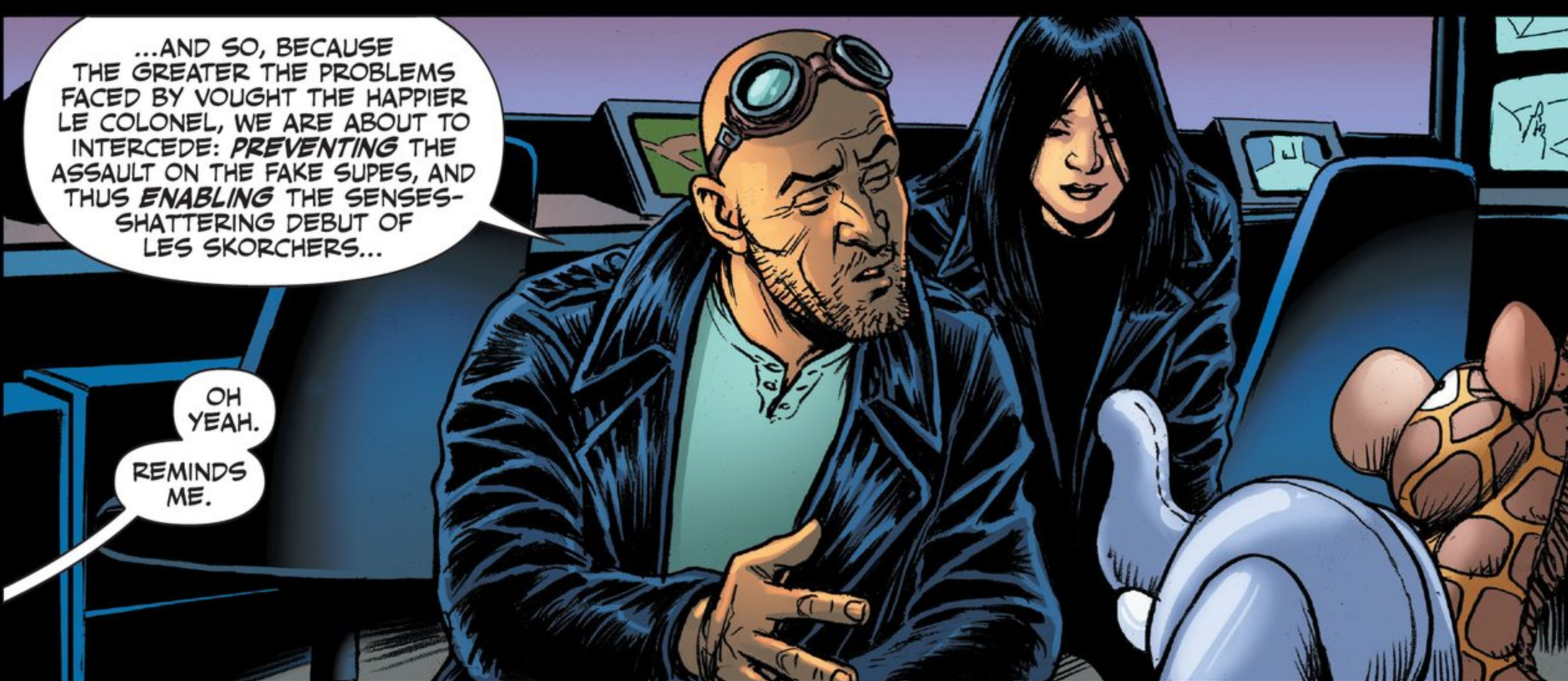
DICKHEADS
MOVED YET?

STILL IN
THE CHANGIN'
ROOM.



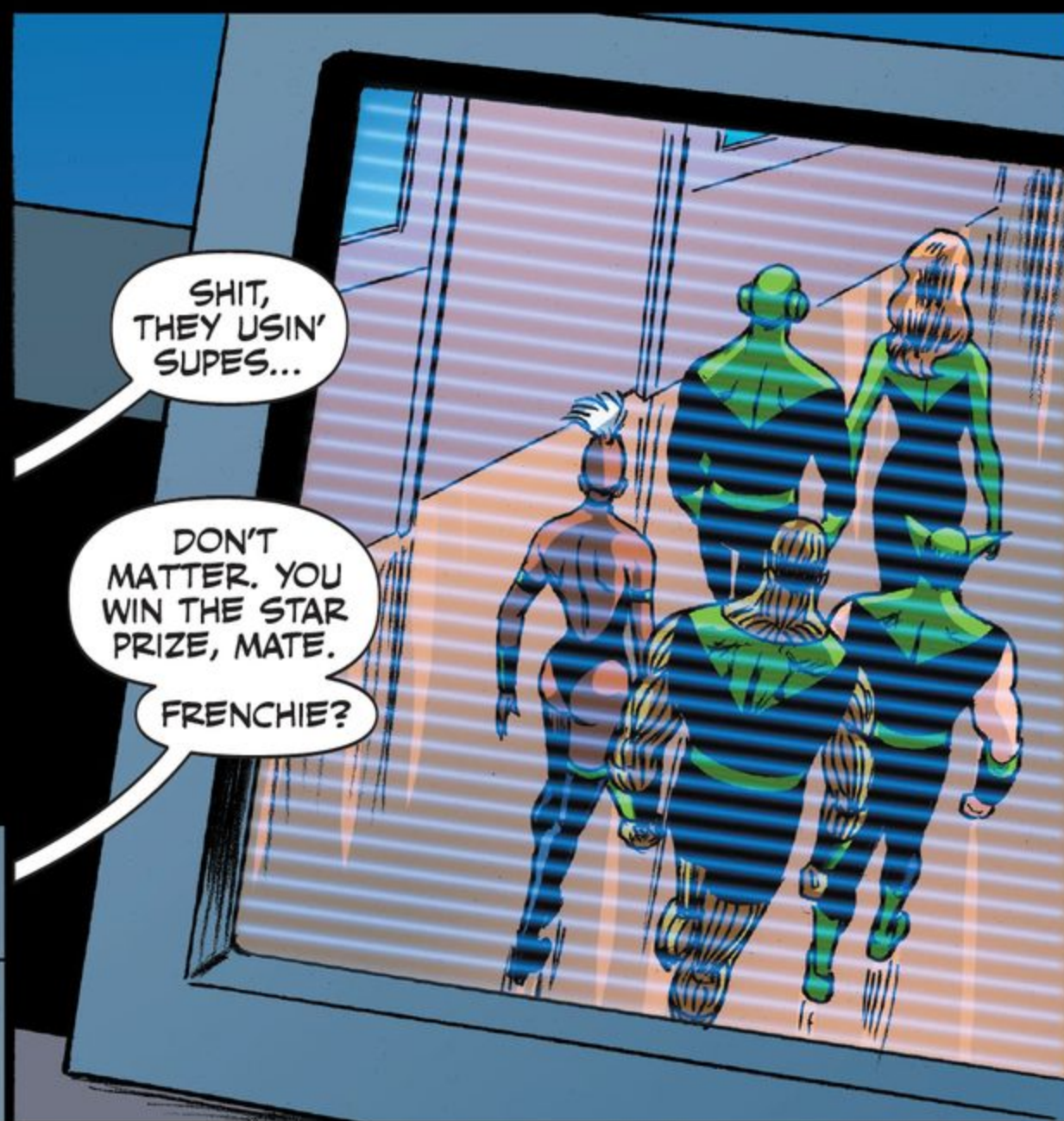
NOBODIES.
THINK ONE
DUDE PLAYED
A RAPIST ON
LAW AN'
ORDER.

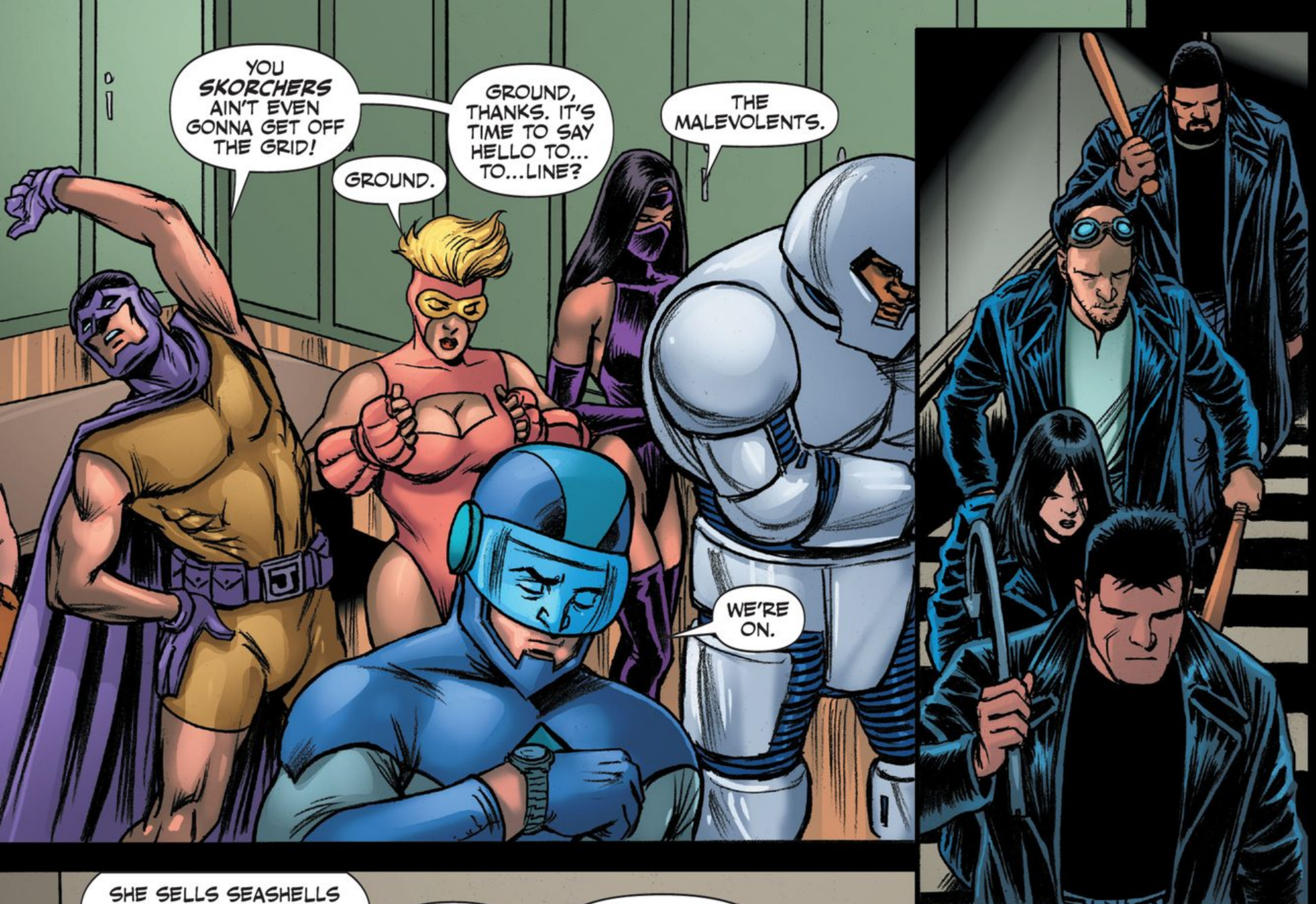
ALL RIGHT,
KEEP 'EM PEELED. IF
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT
THIS, WHOEVER IT IS'LL
HAVE TO MAKE A MOVE
SHARPISH.



...AND SO, BECAUSE
THE GREATER THE PROBLEMS
FACED BY VOUGHT THE HAPPIER
LE COLONEL, WE ARE ABOUT TO
INTERCEDE: *PREVENTING* THE
ASSAULT ON THE FAKE SUPES, AND
THUS *ENABLING* THE SENSES-
SHATTERING DEBUT OF
LES SKORCHERS...

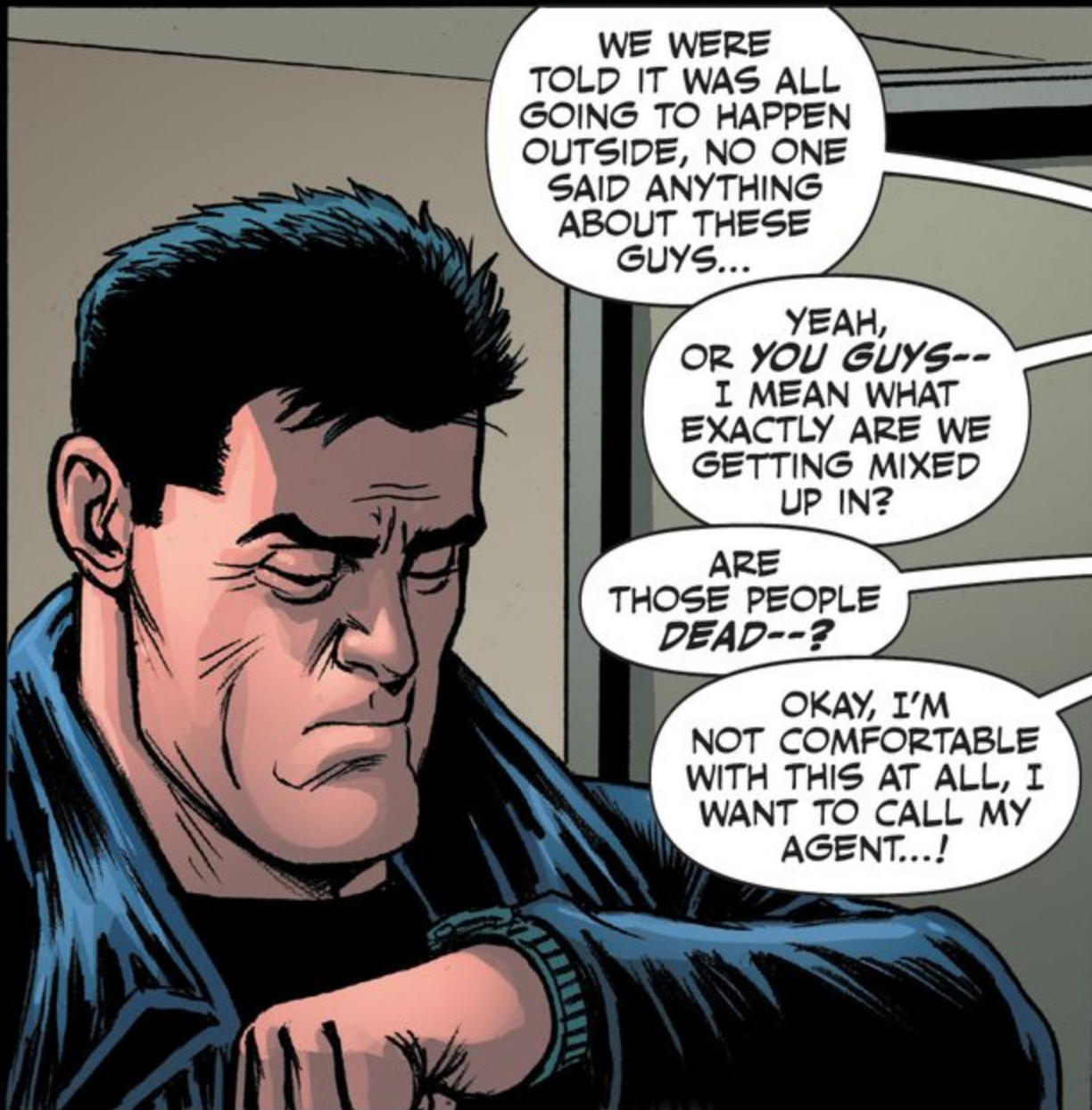
OH
YEAH.
REMINDS
ME.

















YOU WHAT?

BECKY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I JUST...

I'M FINE.

YOU AIN'T SICK OR NOTHIN'? BECKY, SERIOUSLY, LUV---!



I AIN'T SICK. I AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE.

BUT IF SOMETHIN' HAPPENED TO ME, I'D WANNA KNOW YOU'D BE OKAY WITHOUT ME.



OH JESUS, LUV, DON'T SAY THAT...!

I AIN'T TRYNNNA UPSET YOU.

BUT I'D WANNA KNOW.



YOU SOMETIMES TALK ABOUT ME LIKE I'M MORE THAN WHAT I AM, BILLY. LIKE I'M THIS THING YOU PUT ALL YOUR HOPES INTO, YOU WOULDN'T BE NO GOOD WITHOUT ME.

AN' I KNOW WE JOKE ABOUT IT AN' I KNOW THERE'S THINGS I'D LIKE YOU TO DO DIFFERENT, BUT YOU'RE YOUR OWN MAN, BILLY BUTCHER.

I WANNA BE SURE YOU KNOW IT TOO.



WHAT'RE YOU ON ABOUT, I WAS A BLEEDIN' DISASTER WITHOUT YOU...!

YOU WAS A RIGHT HANDFUL, I AIN'T DENYIN' THAT.

BUT YOU'RE THE ONE THAT MADE THE CHANGES.



THE DAY I
RUN INTO YOU I WAS
WALKIN' AROUND WITH
ME FACE SMASHED IN
FROM THE NIGHT
BEFORE.

YOU STOPPED
ME DRINKIN'. STOPPED
ME GETTIN' INTO BARNEYS.
YOU MADE ME SEE I HAD TO
GET ME MUM AWAY FROM
ME DAD, I'D'VE KILLED THE
OL' BASTARD IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR YOU...!

IF I HADN'T
MET YOU WHEN
I DID I'D BE IN
THE NICK OR DEAD.
GOD'S HONEST
TRUTH.



ALL I SAID
WAS TALK TO
ME INSTEAD OF
HAVIN' ANOTHER
PINT.

YOU'RE
THE ONE TRIED
IT. YOU'RE THE
ONE LIKED IT.

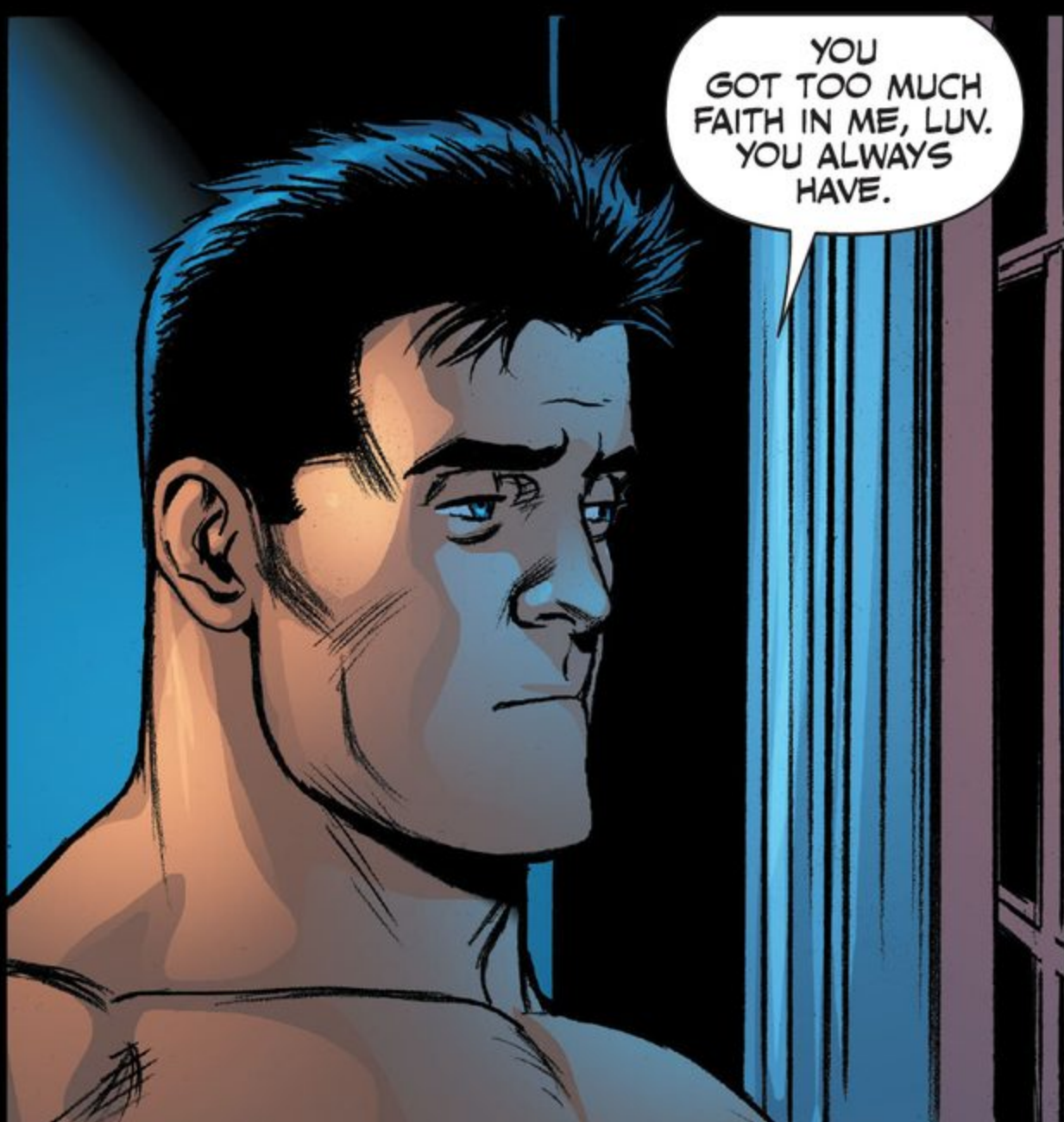
SAME
THING WITH
YOUR MUM; ALL
I DONE WAS
GIVE YOU THE
IDEA...



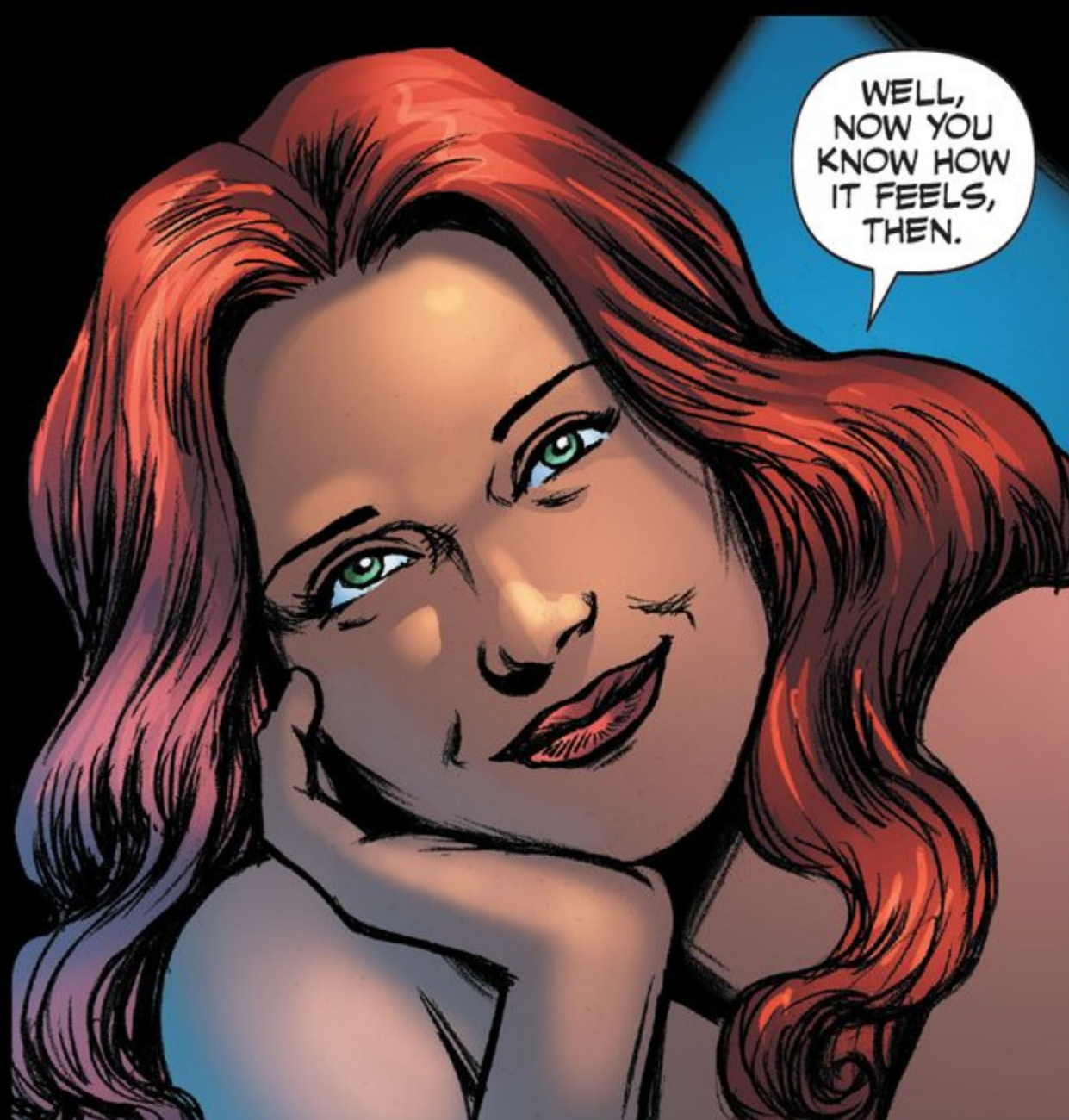
YOU'VE GOT
IT IN YOU TO DO
ALL THIS FOR
YOURSELF, YOU
ALWAYS HAVE.

YOU ALL
RIGHT?

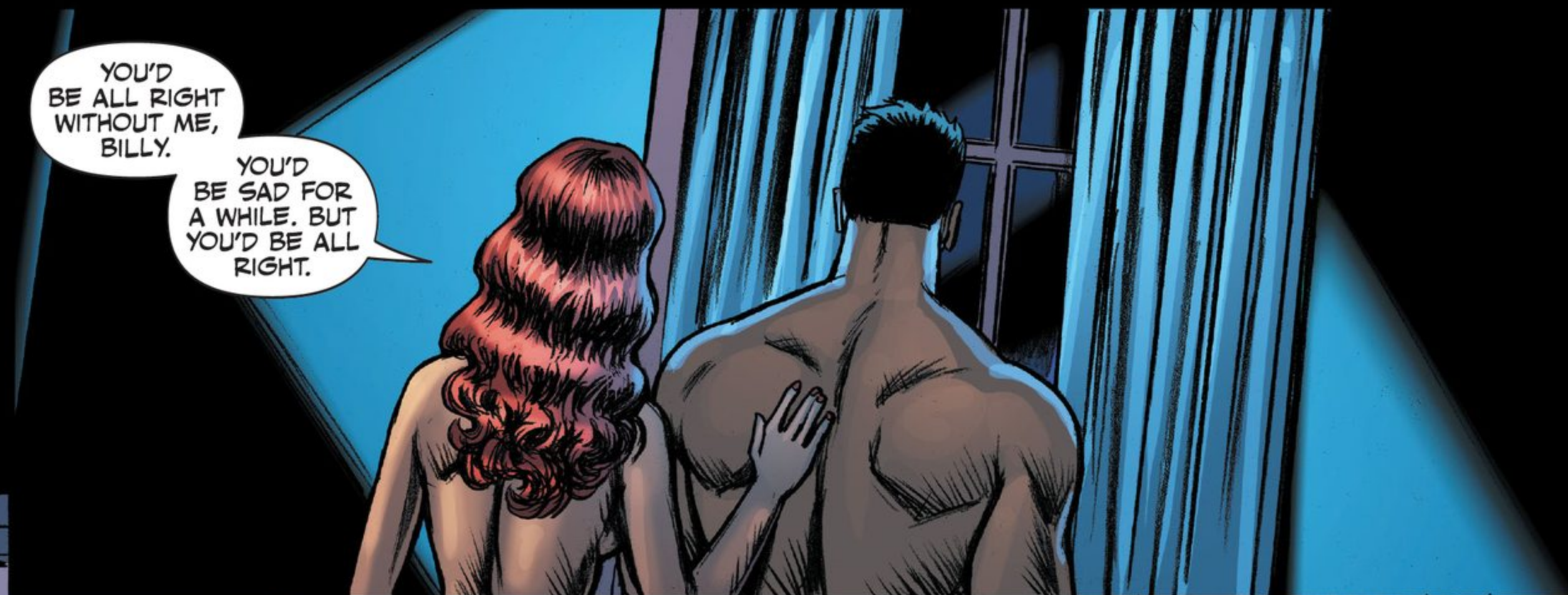
I'M ALL
RIGHT.



YOU
GOT TOO MUCH
FAITH IN ME, LUV.
YOU ALWAYS
HAVE.

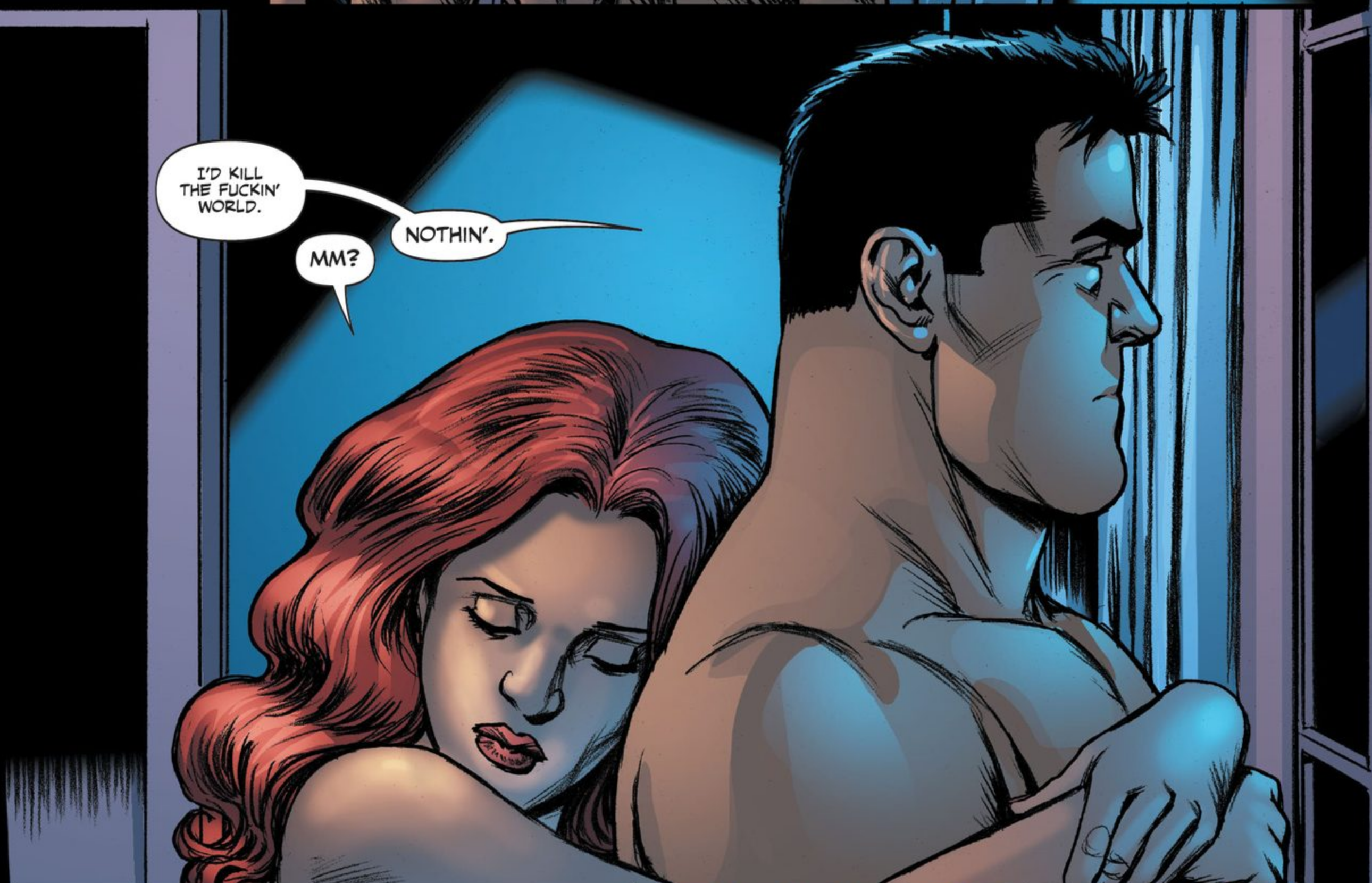


WELL,
NOW YOU
KNOW HOW
IT FEELS,
THEN.



YOU'D
BE ALL RIGHT
WITHOUT ME,
BILLY.

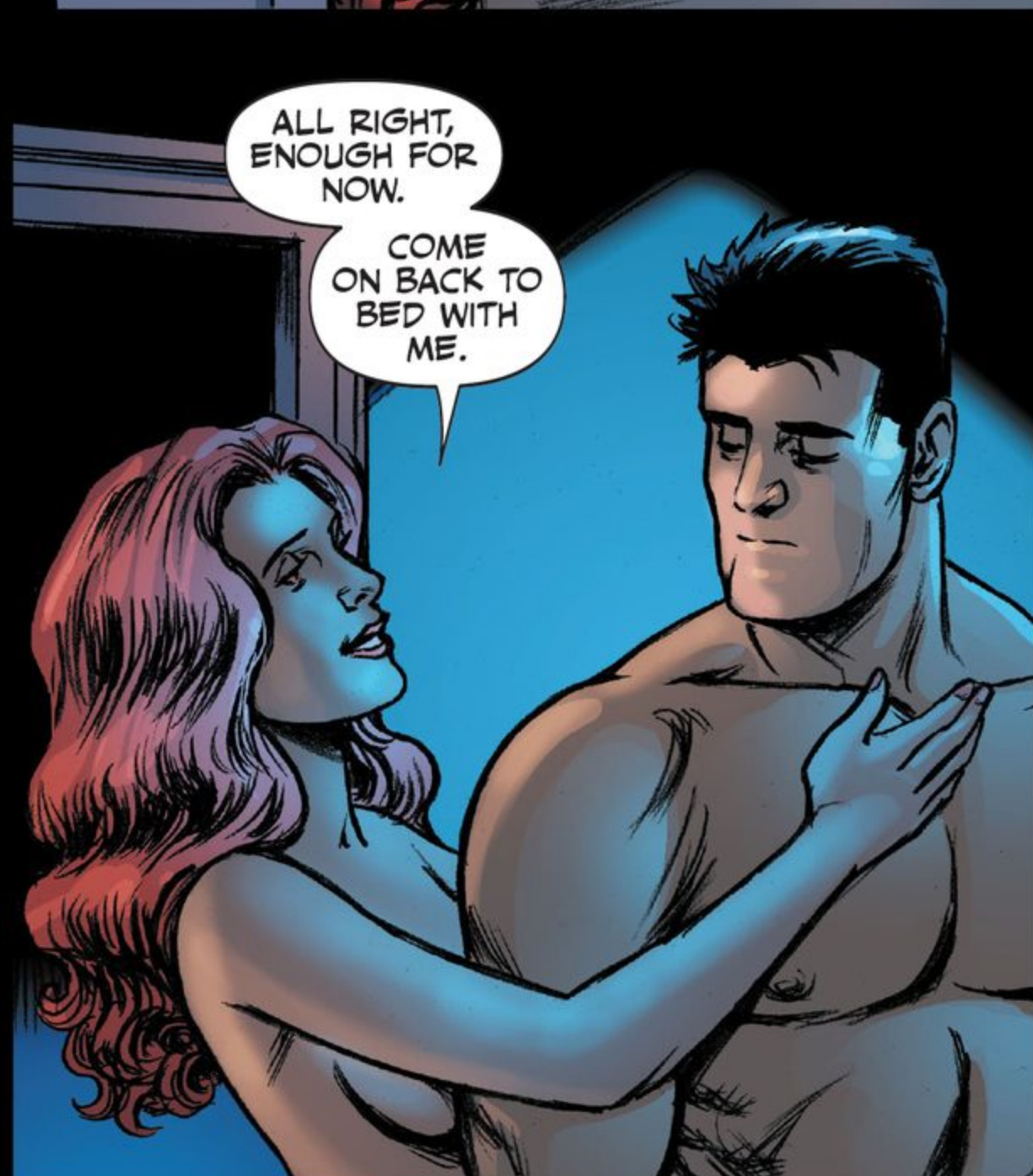
YOU'D
BE SAD FOR
A WHILE. BUT
YOU'D BE ALL
RIGHT.



I'D KILL
THE FUCKIN'
WORLD.

NOTHIN'.

MM?



ALL RIGHT,
ENOUGH FOR
NOW.

COME
ON BACK TO
BED WITH
ME.



WE'LL
DRINK EACH
OTHER IN.

YOU ALWAYS MADE ME
HONEST, LUV, SO I'LL
BE HONEST NOW.

I HATE THEM.
I HATE THEM ALL.

NOT JUST THE ONE
THAT DONE WHAT HE
DONE TO YOU, I'VE GOT
SOMETHING SPECIAL IN
MIND FOR HIM.

I WANT THEM
ALL GONE.

THAT MEANS AN AWFUL LOT OF
PEOPLE. MOST OF THEM ARE
SUPES, SO THAT MEANS EITHER
EVIL BASTARDS, OR DOZY TWATS
WHO HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE.

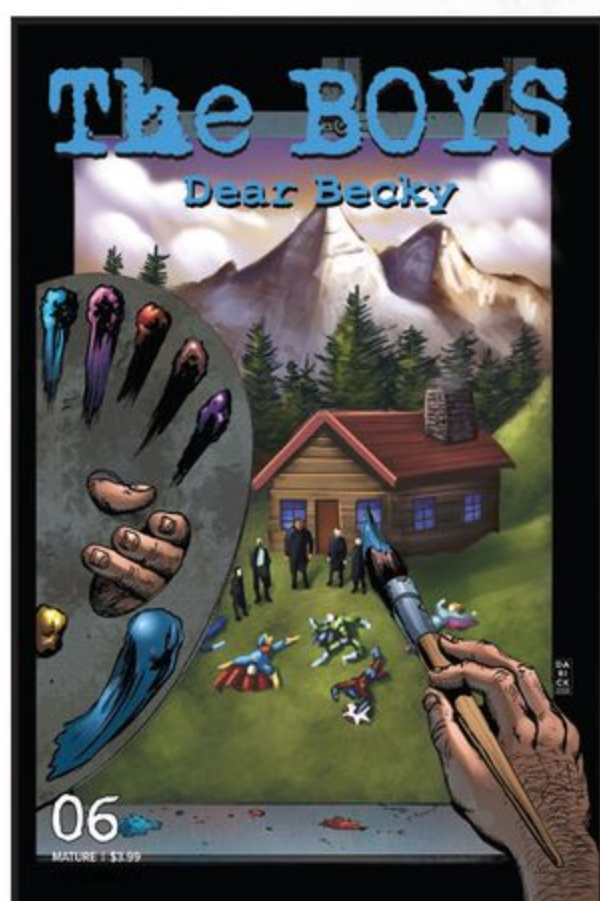
BUT IT ALSO
MEANS PEOPLE
WHO DON'T
EVEN KNOW.

THAT'S WHY I NEED TO
GET RID OF YOU, BECKY,
SO I CAN DO SOMETHING
WOULD HAVE MADE YOU
HATE ME.





TO BE CONTINUED



NEXT ISSUE

Butcher remembers his last days with Becky before their lives were torn apart, but a grim revelation about the Skorchers- and the Vought American agenda behind them- throws the Boys for a loop they weren't expecting. Meanwhile, Hughie faces a devastating reckoning of his own...

BILL WILLINGHAM INTRODUCES VAMPIRELLA'S NEWEST FOE IN TRIAL OF THE SOUL

DON'T MISS PRESTER JOHN'S FIRST APPEARANCE!

In a can't-miss standalone tale coming this September, just in time for Halloween, Vampirella meets the newest member of her spine-tingling rogues' gallery!

Multiple Eisner Award-winning writer **BILL WILLINGHAM** (*Fables*, *Robin*) writes the Daughter of Drakulon for the first time ever in *Trial of the Soul*. Willingham is joined by artist **GIUSEPPE CAFARO** (*Catwoman*, *Suicide Squad*), colorist **ANDREW DALHOUSE**, and letterer **Carlos Mangual**. The blood-filled cherry on top is the haunting cover by **BART SEARS** (*Justice League*, *Blade*).

This extra-length special tale asks the question, "Does Vampirella have a soul?" New character Prester John has made it his mission to determine this and enact judgment on her. If she passes the test, she will be spared. If not, he must destroy her. No matter how charming he finds her...

*"I always found Vampirella so intriguing and I've always had a crush on vampires so this one-shot for me will definitely be a great chance to test my skills with this classic character," said artist Giuseppe Cafaro. "Plus, with Bill at the script, I'm sure that this will be an amazing journey! I always loved what he did with *Fables* and the *Sandman* Universe! Can't wait to show fans what we are doing!"*

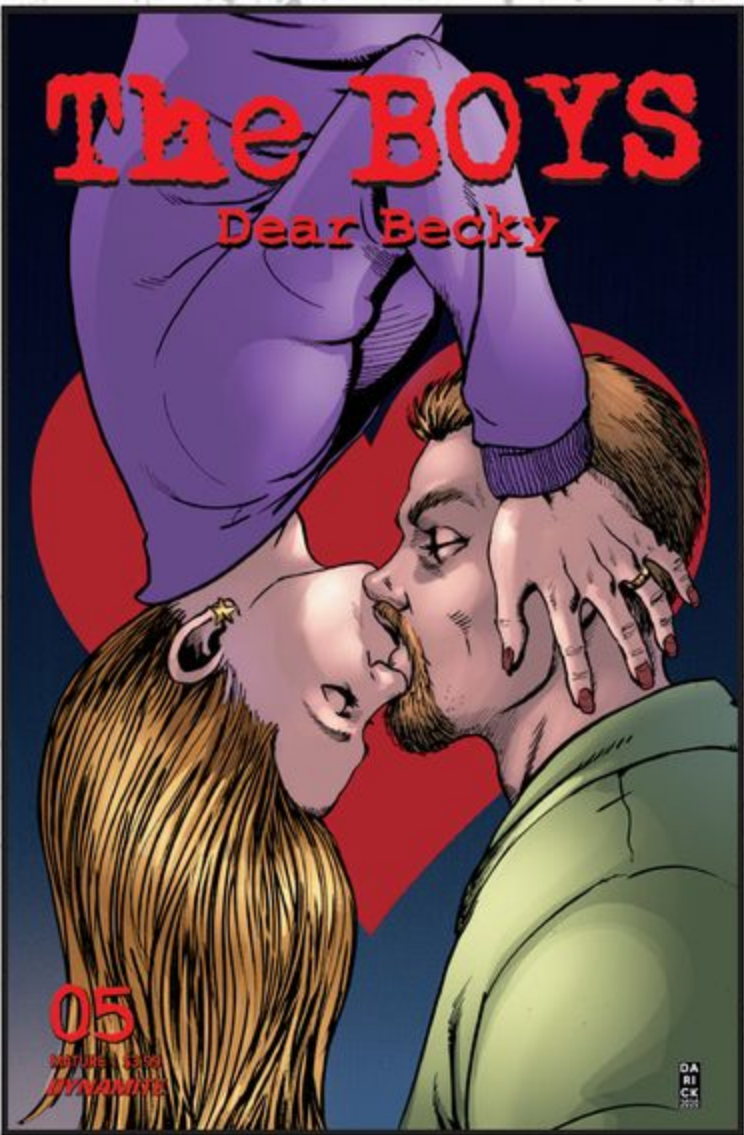
Based on the legend of the medieval Christian leader of a lost wealthy African kingdom, the Prester John of the Vampirella universe represents a force that our heroine has occasionally found herself contending with. Based on a design by Willingham, John is portrayed as a handsome young man, though

he's lived well over 1,000 years. When not hiding among man, he dons an ornate armor made in the forges of Heaven. It pairs with his sword, which is actually on loan from Saint Michael the Archangel, who will reclaim it for the battle of the end times. Alongside his armaments and nigh-immortality, Prester John possesses great

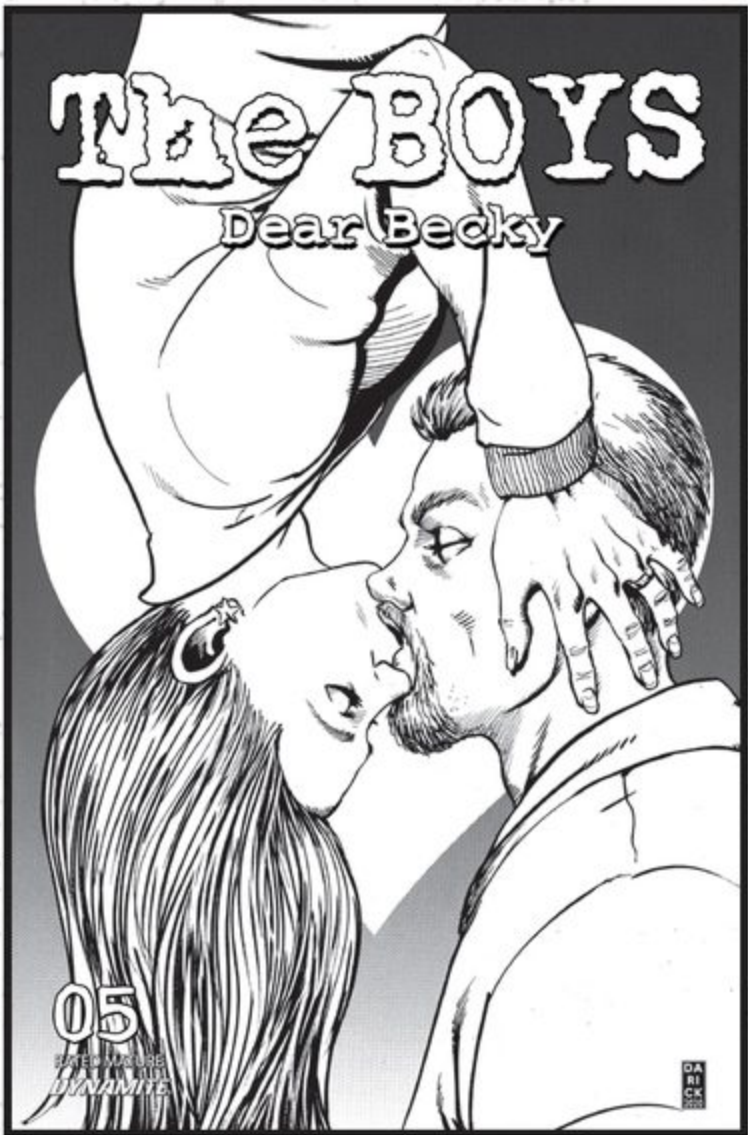


strength and can tap into a Godspeed allowing him to practically teleport.

Beyond the titular question of her soul, is Vampirella friend or foe to the forces of Heaven? Is Prester John a "villain" or something much more complicated, just as fans' favorite vampiri? And if either survives their encounter, when could they meet again?



cover A
**DARICK
ROBERTSON**
colors by
TONY AVIÑA



LINE ART PREMIUM FOC
BONUS VARIANT COVER
**DARICK
ROBERTSON**



VIRGIN ART PREMIUM
FOC BONUS VARIANT
COVER
**DARICK
ROBERTSON**
colors by
TONY AVIÑA

Cover Gallery

D.R. & QUINCH

